

Tremors

by BlondeAmbition25

Category: Star Wars

Genre: Angst, Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-10 22:00:04

Updated: 2016-04-22 02:56:51

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:17:18

Rating: M

Chapters: 3

Words: 5,913

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A secret Resistance mission pulls Rey away from her training to face the ultimate test. What will happen when she comes face to face with the one adversary who still sends tremors down her spine, and will Light and Dark prevail or mix to shades of Gray? Post TFA Reylo, will start mild but be rated M for inevitable smuttiness.

1. Chapter 1

**DISCLAIMER: Although I wish I did, I do not own Star Wars or any of the characters. This fiction is for entertainment purposes only, and is not intended to produce monetary gains. **

A/N: This story takes place post-TFA, and makes certain assumptions about Rey and Kylo Ren, primarily that they are not related. I realize there is a decent chance they will be, but the Rey/Kylo dynamic is just so rich with possibilities and fun that I can't resist. So if nothing else, I shall live in blissful ignorance until the fateful day Episode VIII is released. I encourage feedback of all kinds unless it is rude and hostile. You have the right to your opinion, but I have the right to read your douche-y comment and call you a douche from the privacy of my home.

Master Luke has been worried. Despite his facade, she felt it in him, the hesitation in his glance at the proposition.

"She is not yet ready." He had told Leia, after she had sent an urgent request for them to return to the new Resistance base on Yavin IV for a reconnaissance mission.

"Luke we have no other choice, no one is better suited than her, and this could mean a huge victory against the First Order, not to mention saving thousands of innocent lives." General Organa had just finished describing to them a sensitive mission. Resistance spies had come across information that contained details of a hidden First Order Base on the world of Heruvim, home to known First Order

sympathizers. The information supposedly outlined the schedule for reconstructing a new weapon of mass destruction, and also the key battle plans for the coming months.

The kicker was that the base was in a desert area of the planet, and was underground. Part of the reason this sensitive information had been kept at this particular location was because of access; the only unguarded entryway was a 10 story deep vertical canyon. In addition to the tricky access, in order to be successful, the information would have to be gathered undetected, otherwise the battle plans would simply be changed and all benefit would be lost. They needed someone with excellent climbing abilities, the ability to go unnoticed, and a penchant for survival. In other words, they needed Rey.

Luke stared back at his twin sister, undoubtedly exchanging unspoken words.

"She is ready, you know it's true, and we need her." Luke breathed slowly and turned back to Rey.

"Padawan, are you willing to take on the risks of this mission?" Rey had looked up at him with wide eyes and then they immediately darted to her feet. Over the past few months of training and honing her newly discovered force abilities, Rey's confidence had improved quite a bit, however she still had some hesitation. This would be her first mission; would she be able to complete it? What if she failed? Rey took a deep breath and let her worries dissipate and her inner strength replace them, then she looked back up at him and let her chin ever so slightly raise up.

"Yes Master Luke, it will be difficult, but I know I can do it."

That had been nearly a day ago, and now Rey sat piloting the IPV-1 Imperial Patrol Vehicle she had been set up with as she made her approach to Heruvion. The planet looked sparse, but the main capital city of Arddyk stood out as a patch of sparkling lights amid the desert. According to their information, the hidden base was not far from the city, likely so spacecraft could come and go undetected from the typical traffic. Her decent was relatively uneventful, and she set the craft down in a public shipyard where she collected her pack and paid the attendant the necessary fees.

Before she had left, they had crafted a back story to use if anyone became suspicious of her presence: she was a scout named Florence for a trader who specialized in old speeders and small ships, and she was simply in town to look for anything that stood out and may be of value to her boss. The hope was, that no questions would be asked, or at least not by anyone who could be swayed with a simple mind trick. There was a spy of the rebellion already stationed on the planet who owned a small inn. While she had not spoken with him, she was informed he was a Kitonak named Plerk and would be expecting her. Somewhat exhausted from the travel, Rey rented a small speeder bike, hoisted her pack over her shoulders, and headed towards the inn. It was plain and inoffensive from the outside, a rigid and boxy construction that seemed to perfectly reflect the modern city landscapes combined with the desolate desert on the horizon, and in the night sky the small lights slightly twinkled. There were only a few small vehicles in the front, and a sign reflected that there was

vacancy.

After disembarking from the speeder and parking it in the front, Rey walked through the main doors and noticed a pudgy and stocky creature standing behind the counter. His pronounced nose perked up on her entrance, and she could only assume he was Plerk. As she approached him, she distinctly smelled some sort of pleasant vanilla aroma.

"Good evening, my name is Florence and I believe you had a room set aside for me?" The creature very slowly took a breath in and out.

"Ahhhâ€|.yesâ€|. I believe we doâ€|." The sentence took him about three times as long as she felt was typical, and then he very slowly turned and trudged over to the wall behind him, where he pressed a button and revealed a small door with a key card. With sloth like urgency, he then pressed another button to reveal a hidden compartment with a small holo pad, then turned back and handed both of them to her.

"Yourâ€|roomâ€|.numberâ€|.is 885â€|.onâ€|theâ€|eighthâ€|floor.
Ifâ€|thereâ€|isâ€|anythingâ€|youâ€|needâ€|don'tâ€|hesitateâ€|.toâ€|ask ." Her delicate calloused hands reached out and gathered the items from him as she smiled in gratitude.

"Thank you; there actually is one small thing. Is there somewhere close by where I might be able to get something to eat?"

"Justâ€|downâ€|theâ€|wayâ€|smallâ€|cantina."

"Thank you again." Rey headed up the lift which swiftly took her to the eighth floor. Upon arriving, she was happy to discover that the floor seemed to be totally vacant with the exception of herself. As she waved the key card in front of the access pad, a door lifted to reveal the sizeable accommodations she had been given. A large, comfortable bed was in the middle of the room, and a large window revealed breathtaking views of the city's landscapes with various craft speeding by.

A small closet was in the corner, and when she opened it, she saw a note which read "Sometimes what we seek is not up in the clouds but hidden within us at our own feet." A riddle of some kind perhaps? Hidden and feet. Something was hidden below it. Reached out with the force, she surveyed the floor of the closet and found a small indent. When she fiddled with it for a second, the panel emitted a small his, and rose slightly. She opened it up to reveal a hidden storage area, where she deposited the holopad Plerk had given her and some of her other sensitive items.

With that she wrapped a large cloak around herself to offer some discretion and warmth from the night's chill, and headed back to get something to eat at the cantina down the road. As she navigated the streets, various beings whizzed past her, not giving her so much as a second glance. It seemed everyone in Ardyyk had nothing but their own agendas in mind, making this mission perhaps easier than she had anticipated. She approached a discreetly hidden lot with a small neon sign that read "Cantina", the force compelled her towards it, and she assumed this must be the place Plerk had referred to.

It was as normal a cantina as anyone would expect for a world such as this, with all of the typical local colors and characters present. A low profile, some food and drink, and she would be nothing more than a ghost in the night to the crowd present. Out in the corner, she spotted a small circular booth where she would be able to remain in the shadows, and she gracefully glided over and sat herself while the waiter scampered over between tables.

Starving on Jaaku had made her appreciative of any real meal, even one in a hole in the wall such as this. The meat was strange and greasy, but it tasted like a meal fit for a king as it filled her growling stomach after the long journey. Although tempted by some of the Corellian Whiskey, she settled for a warm cider of sorts, and sipped carefully while she allowed herself a bit of relaxation.

As she surveyed the floor, she noticed a few bounty hunters making under the table deals, some card games that ranged from friendly and boisterous to cutthroat, and a few space cowboys who were trying their luck at a beautiful Twi'lek perched at the bar. She was very breathtaking, and Rey couldn't help but look at all the attention she was receiving and then look somewhat sullenly down at herself and her rough hands and dingy attire. *_What a feeling that must be_,* she mused, *_to be wanted by others, to be sought after and courted_*. The feeling led to a darkness and sorrow within her, so she quickly shoved it aside and focused on some of the other cantina activities. Rey lavished the experience, and closed her eyes as she soaked in the pure energy from all of the hustle and bustle.

Just as she eased into her warm drink and the warm atmosphere, a tremor rubbed her mind and a shiver went straight up her spine. The force disturbance was so strong it nearly took the air out of her chest, and she instinctively put up her mind barriers as quickly as possible as a last ditch attempt to avoid her signature being picked up. Slowly, she reached down to her wrapped garment and pulled it up to cover more of her face.

The waves reverberated off of her chest, each one a sonic pulse that sent all of her nerves buzzing like hundreds of tiny insects frantically fluttering their wings. Whatever it was, it was getting closer, stronger with the passing parsecs, but she was frozen, worried that any sudden movement or haste would only bring unnecessary attention to herself. Suddenly, the vibrations hit a crescendo and her eyes instinctively darted to the direction it was coming from: a dark cloaked figure. A movement of a shadow, the dark figure lumbered to the main bar and a black leather gloved hand beckoned and indicated a beverage to the bartender.

It was almost as if she no longer had any control over herself, as her eyes remained glued and focused on the stranger's every move. It was time to go, to avoid the danger, but it was hopeless and she simply had to stay. In one fluid motion, the strange force beacon removed his hood, revealing a head of tousled black curls, and a dark closely cut beard to match it.

But no, she had felt something like this before. There was a familiarity to it, a cold comfort that could never be replicated, but it couldn't possibly be what she remembered from before. But then, as if on cue, the man turned his face and she could see the distinct strong nosed profile and dark pooled eyes. Without warning their eyes

locked, the surrounding scene of the bar seemed to freeze and then blur and fade, leaving the two of them alone. It was him, it couldn't be, but it was. Kylo Ren.

I see you!

The echoed words in her head sent her catapulting back into reality as the surroundings and chatter came back to her senses, and one of her hands immediately reached down to her lightsaber. The feel of the hard metal under her cloak gave her some sense of security, knowing it was still faithfully at her side if she needed it. That was long enough, she was endangering the mission every second she stayed here, she was playing with fire and knew better than to wait around until it started to burn. Master Luke would surely be ashamed of her right now. Making slow concise movements, she tossed a few credits on the table and stood, making her way back out towards the small speeder bike. Mounting it, she pointed in the direction of her lodging, and didn't look back the whole way.

2. Chapter 2

Rey tossed and turned all night, and what little sleep she did get was plagued with images of those dark piercing eyes and the sonic fluttering until she would wake in a sweat, his words echoing over and over again in her head. Her mind recreating the scene of the forest they last fought in on Starkiller Base, the cold snow melting in through her boots, and the fog of her own body heat and her saber curling in tendrils around her.

"Well Scavenger, we meet again. Now that I've healed, let's see who really has the upper hand." The handsome young man in front of her sneered, the scar she had given him mottled in the light of his red saber. His shiny black curls framing his face in disarray as he charged forward and delivered a strike, her own blue saber rising up to block. There was more intensity this time, he was harder to push off, she could feel the physical and mental force of him pressing down on her.

"Not as easy this time is it?" He responded, as if reading her thoughts, "Perhaps now it has become more clear the power I really have, and that it is not something to be easily trifled with." Each blow she blocked pushed her down further, and she stumbled and fell to her knees on the ground. Kylo Ren kicked her saber effortlessly to the side, leaving her unarmed and at his mercy.

"Ah, this is more like it." A smile of pleasure spread across his face and he took a deep satisfying breath. His red blade came up to hover next to her face, and his black boot gently raised her chin so her eyes met his own eyes, dark, seemingly vacant, but holding the spark of some fire buried deep within.

"Your place in front of me should be on your knees, calling me Master as my dutiful Apprentice. There's no use fighting it, the force desires it to be so." Rey looked away from his eyes, feeling as if they were exposing her in a way she was not comfortable with. Out of the corner of her vision, she saw the red blade extinguish and Ren had dropped to his own knees and pulled her face towards him with a cold leather gloved hand.

"If you only knew the things I could do for you too. You would be my queen, fight by my side, I would give you everything you ever dreamed you wanted and more. Every pleasureâ€!" She was frozen as his gloved hand began to trail down her face softly, along her neck, resting in the hollow spot below her throat and above the swell of her small breasts.

"â€|you could ever imagine." His eyes looked into hers and then to her lips, flickering back and forth between the two, a new hunger growing behind them. Rey squeezed her eyes shut but could still feel the trace of his hand.

"No, this isn't real, this is just a dream!" When she opened her eyes she was panting and sweating in a mass of rolled up sheets in her bed on Ardyyk, but she swore she could still feel his hands on her face, fingers slowly pulling away with a ghostlike whisper.

This was surely going to complicate things, the real question was, had he really identified her, or was he merely alerted there was a force sensitive individual present using cloaking techniques, and wanted to offer intimidation?

There was no way to tell, and for all she knew he hadn't identified her at all. Rey was confident enough in her mind barriers, and having faced him before. She had grown more since he had interrogated her, become more powerful, she should have no fear that he had read her. Besides, after she had come all this way and been entrusted with this mission, there was no way she was going to go crying to Master Luke now, and abandon everything because she had "maybe" seen and been identified by Kylo Ren. Perhaps it hadn't even been him, maybe it was just someone who looked like him and brought back bad memories. Deep within her being though, she knew that argument didn't add up.

Fatigued from lack of sleep, she pulled herself from bed and took a hot shower in some effort to wash away the events from the night before. The hot steam wrapped around her, allowing more blood to flow through her body, like a cocoon of comfort. Her hands pressed against the shower wall as she tilted her head down and allowed the stream of water to flow through her hair, trickling down her neck to pool at the base where his fingers had in her dream. There was a flash as she remembered the piercing way his eyes had studied her, but she quickly shook herself upright, and immediately turned the stream off and decided it was time to get out. She pulled some drab leggings and a cloak on and then fastened her booties. Plerk had sent up some small exotic fruits, and she gently bit into one while she pulled the holopad from its hiding spot in the closet.

Within the holopad were several schematics of the secret base in addition to some messages sent by the Resistance. She proceeded to notify them that she had arrived as planned and would be proceeding with some field work to identify the location of the entrance, which was still an unknown. While the data they had collected so far had narrowed down the entry location, it was still a 20 mile area; almost a needle in a haystack, but not quite. With the tools and the force she should be able to hone in on the heat signature of the base to find it exactly, and then she need only plan for her entry.

After exchanging morning pleasantries with Plerk, she proceeded to her speeder bike and mounted it. She pulled a small navigational holo

from her cloak which pointed in the appropriate direction, and then she was off. After several minutes, the busy cityscape began to fade and the desert surrounded her. It was not much different from Jakku, and she felt almost as if she were at home again on her beat up speeder venturing to collect scrap parts. The beating sun and the abrasive sand would probably be painful to most, but to Rey it felt like nothing, she had become numb to it over years and years of daily abuse.

She approached the area and slowed her bike, stretching out with the force like she was reaching for something hidden on a high shelf that was just out of range. There was nothing, and she continued, reaching out until she felt a small ping. Quickly, she steered the bike in that direction, and the feeling grew as she got closer and closer to it, until finally in the distance she could see a fissure in the sand. From her pocket, she pulled out the navi-holo and switched it to show heat traces. The three dimensional representation outlined perfectly what looked very much like a base. Rey couldn't help but show a smile at her discovery, given that thus far, her mission had not exactly gone according to plan.

"Ah, there you are."

"You should have left when you had the chance." The deep mechanical voice from behind her startled her and she toppled over her bike, crawling backwards away from the figure.

"So surprised? I know you saw me, I know you felt it. That should have been enough to make you leave and run as far away from me as possible, but you didn't did you?" Kylo spoke with impatience, as if he was waiting to get to something and didn't want to waste any time trying to explain himself.

"I have nothing to say to a petulant child who murders his own father." Rey responded with defiance, despite the fact that she was almost visibly shaking.

"Ha. Oh yes of course, Han Solo. He has been dead and gone now for five months, it is time you put him in the past and look to your future."

"My future with you as my teacher I presume, well I hate to disappoint you but you're too late, I already have a teacher and he is far superior to you in every way." Rey looked around her and started to fiddle into her robes for her saber but her hands were shaky and clumsy.

"I can see your fear through your strong words, it's rolling off of you in waves, and I must say it is intoxicating." There was something in his voice, just like in her dream, something that gave her pause and worried her. She brushed it off and closed her eyes to take a deep breath in and realign herself.

"There is no fear, fear leads to anger."

"Oh, well I can only imagine who imparted that pearl of wisdom upon you, which means you've moved to the next level of your training. Perhaps we should see how far you've progressed?" With that he unsheathed the saber concealed under his robes and ignited it before her. The force finally clicked in to her and her confidence quickly

followed, without a second hesitation she reached within her own belt and pulled the blue saber from its holster, presenting it in a defensive position in front of her.

They sparred back and forth blocking each other's parries and thrusts, the energy between them swelling and growing with their movements. Unlike her dream, she felt equally matched and not overcome with his attack. With each strike and step Ren took towards her, she equally struck and pushed him back. The power flow was palpable, and unlike anything Rey had experienced before training with Master Luke, only to be compared to her previous encounter with Ren. After what seemed like an eternity of exchanging blows, they stood at a standstill, chests heaving from the physical efforts, gasping for air as sweat trickled from their limbs in the hot sun.

"You feel it, you have to." He asked her in almost a whisper with a sort of need she couldn't put her finger on.

"Yes, I feel it." She replied back to him, the exhaustion making her less prone to antagonizing him.

"It's unlike anything I have ever felt before; it feels like being in the eye of a cyclone or a tornado. You belong to me; the force is telling us that." He said it as if it were fact, and there was no denying it.

"I belong to no one."

"You must belong to me, there is no other way, the force has drawn us together again."

"Well, if that's true then I suppose you shall have to find me again." He gave her what she perceived to be a quizzical expression through his mask, and gathering what energy she had left within her, she shoved all of her strength towards shutting down Kylo Ren's consciousness. His knees wobbled and he gently collapsed into the sand. She hopped on her speeder and went as far away as she could, feeling the immense sinking in her stomach of inevitable failure. The mission was blown; she needed to consult with the others to find out what to do.

3. Chapter 3

AN: Just a little more scene setting and plot building and we're off to the good stuffâ€|_

Rey paced back and forth in her room with her hands set firmly on her hips. She would try to get a secure transmission and await instructions before determining whether or not to leave. In the meantime she would have to lay low and try to avoid any further entanglements with Kylo Ren.

Drawing the shades to the window closed, she pulled out the holopad and jumped on to a scrambled transmission line. Luke and Leia's images rose up waiting to greet her. Rey took a deep breath and steadied her voice to relay her failure.

"I regretfully have to inform you that I fear the mission has been

compromised. Kylo Ren is here and has approached me. I fought him and was able to escape, but I'm not sure how much longer it will be before he and the First Order discover my location." Luke and Leia looked at one another, and Master Luke took a breath while he stroked his beard thoughtfully with one of his hands.

"Proceed with the mission," Luke said flatly while at his side Leia seemed to knowingly grin.

"Master Luke do you really think that's a good idea? What if he should find me again?" Rey did not understand this logic, surely she would end up dead, or worse.

"I believe the force has been orchestrating this scenario for us. This will be a great test Padawan, but it is one that you must take. It is clear that you have an effect on Ben, and as great of an adversary as he is, perhaps the key to his redemption lies with you. When you were a youngling, Ben always took a special liking to you, which I assume is part of why he spared you and Finn but not the others. The force has bonded you, perhaps you will succeed where I have failed."

Rey couldn't believe what she was hearing. This would be suicide, how could she be expected to walk right into enemy hands? What if he were to take her before Snoke, torture her? It didn't make sense, but if she trusted anyone in this entire galaxy, she trusted Luke.

"Yes Master, if that is what you wish, then I shall do my best to try." Rey tried to maintain a straight and obedient expression, but she could feel the fear coming out in her eyes, making itself known.

"Rey, my Master once told me 'do or do not, there is no try'. Let the force guide you, keep strength in your resolve, and you will not fail. May the Force be with you."

With that the transmission blurred and cut out. _That's it then?_ At this point there was no choice, there was no need to continue hiding in shadows and covering her steps, no use delaying and allowing him more time to scheme. Rey sat back on her knees and dug through her pack, finding her climbing gear, and more tactical attire for her decent into the base. With haste, she shoveled down a meal Plerk had sent up when she had returned, changed her clothing, and then swung her pack over her shoulder and headed out to her bike.

The journey out to the base was a bit different this time around, the coolness that washed over the desert as the sun set seemed to mimic the chill of fear she had as she went to inevitably cross paths with Kylo Ren once more. Her confidence in the mission was weak, and she was uncertain, both as she had been taught were a sure combination to put her at risk. Even the air had an unsettling silence about it, not a creature in sight, and as the fissure grew closer, she put her force barriers up as strong as she could get them to prevent any allusions of her presence from being broadcasted to Ren.

Once she was a reasonable walking distance, she dismounted the bike and went on her way, her feet gently sinking into the sand with each step. Rey tried to keep her calm by imagining she was simply on one of her day trips to an old Star Destroyer, easy in and easy out. As she approached the edge, she peered into the steep cavern, and again

felt a small ripple of his presence, inevitably waiting somewhere in the fortress below.

There was nothing good to tie off to here at the top, but when she looked down she saw a small turret that would do just fine and was only a short way. Without much debate, Rey grabbed a hold of the top edge and began free climbing in the direction of the turret; this would be the hard part. She centered herself with the force, giving her superior balance and grip, feeling the cold metal surface and reaching through it to give herself better traction. It didn't take very long to get to the turret, and she pulled the rope from her pack and fastened it securely, tugging it a few times to make sure it was good and tight. The other end of the rope was then snapped into place on her belt and her feet pressed against the wall as she pulled out a set of gloves and used her teeth to help get them on.

Rey steadied herself and closed her eyes, again picturing the maneuver she had performed what seemed like a million times before, then loosened the device on her belt and pushed off of the wall with her feet, plummeting gracefully further into the deep, dark, and ominous oblivion.

As she continued to push off of the side wall and descend further and further, small lights became visible and grew closer, and she prepared herself to land, setting her feet softly down on the rocky surface, hastily pulling the rope from her belt and proceeding to an open walkway. Judging from her map, this entry point was intended for emergency purposes only, and the base's living quarters would be approached first. Black shiny walls and the occasional panel of bright buttons passed by her as she scurried through, occasionally looking behind herself, and reaching out with the force to identify if any of the lifeforms in the area were alerted.

She approached a hexagonal break in the corridor, which had 5 other corridor options to choose from. Rey pulled out her small holo to determine which was the appropriate corridor to follow, but just as she determined which was correct, she felt a much stronger reverberation in the force and the doors all began to seal closed. Running up to the correct door she slapped against it in frustration and then turned to find herself face to face with the dark mask himself.

"I have anticipated your return." Rey spun around looking for a panel or some sort of alternate exit.

"Don't bother, there is no escape from this room besides me. I figured Luke Skywalker and Han Solo's foolishness would have rubbed off on you enough to give you delusions of grandeur." She reached for her saber but in her confusion and haste he was faster, calling it to his own hand before she could grab it.

"I told you that belonged to me." He secured it to his belt and then pulled off his helmet and set it down on the ground, the sight of his handsome face taking Rey by surprise, just as it did when he had interrogated her months ago. Resting in thought, Ren looked quite pleased with himself and having the upper hand in the situation.

Shaken, she suddenly became aware of the closing gap between them, and it seemed he was suddenly mere inches away. There was a very

singular aroma of leather, sandalwood, corellian whiskey, and what she could only identify as the distinct scent a man gave off. As she breathed it in her nostrils, she felt a tingling sensation through her core that sent a shiver down her back. It made her want to grab him by his cloaks and pull him in closer to get a bigger and better whiff of it directly off of him. Her eyes in an almost drunken fashion half closed and he smirked as he looked back at her.

"What is it scavenger? Do you see something you like?" A gloved hand reached out to stroke her chin but she defensively jerked back from it.

"No I don't see anything I like." Rey snapped back, turning her gaze to the ground so her discomfort would be less visible to him. Kylo Ren let out a laugh at her behavior, a low guttural sound that only intensified what she was trying to push away.

"Ah, but you feel it. You can deny it all you want, but your body betrays you." She looked up to meet his searing dark brown gaze.

His face, she had an overwhelming impulse to reach out and touch it, to see how it felt under her fingers, the feel of his skin on her own, the rough whiskers that had only recently been grown out. Perhaps smooth away a strand of hair which effortlessly grazed his pale skin, a stark black against porcelain. No, that was wrong, why would she want to do that? Kylo Ren let out another low chuckle and circled behind her.

"You know, it is entertainment enough to listen to you fight with yourself so frequently. And on such trivial matters as natural instinct."

"I am repulsed by my instincts!" She turned and spat back to him. It was impossible to fight though, it seemed every time she looked away, the urge to look back and feel the intensity again immediately rose.

"As we often are, but that doesn't make them simply vanish away, or cease to exist. To think how easy it would be if one could just simply wish away desires and have them disappear forever." He seemed to muse to himself for a second, but his block was too strong and she couldn't see into his head as to what he might have been referring to specifically. He broke out of the thought and rubbed his gloved hands together.

"Enough of the chit chat, you're in my world now Rey, and there is a long arduous road ahead for you. Which reminds me," the glint in his eye terrified her, what sort of horrors he may have cooked up.

"I have a favor to repay you." Rey didn't have much time to consider the words, as the black walls around her seemed to close in until there was nothing but blackness in sight.

End
file.